

## A Toast to Old New Scotland

We haven't got a Casa Loma here  
But we can dance, and we have swing bands, too,  
And though St. Catherine's St. is longer far  
We have neons just as big and new.  
I must point out that we too see the sun  
And Winnipeg can have her prairies free,  
We want no river floods to make us run!

So here's to you, Nova Scotia,  
With your challenge to the sea,  
Though other's may look down on you  
You're good enough for me.

Our springtimes come when they're supposed to come,  
We've never seen a twenty-two below,  
And they were building towns along our shores  
Before men thought to brave the inland snows.  
They say the Rocky Mountains are a treat,  
That's Ottawa's green valley is a prize,  
But they should see our beaches and our lakes  
Or our Fundy's disappearing tides.

So here's to you, Nova Scotia,  
With your challenge to the sea,  
Although the rest abhor you  
You have blessed humility.

They tell me that their colleges are great  
That in them lies the culture of the land.  
If this be so, then why such snobbery,  
Do they not educate the mind of man?  
And anyway we have Dalhousie here,  
And lots of smaller colleges besides.  
We export more than frozen mackerel—  
We give you men that you now claim in pride.

So here's to you, Nova Scotia,  
With your challenge to the sea  
At least you've got a character  
That's true and rare and free!

ANON.

## Foreign Student Publications Different To Those of Canada

The Gazette is beginning to look like a clearing house for student papers from foreign Universities. The latest is an issue from the University of Helsinki—Ylioppilas. This paper is unique in that it is printed in three languages, Finnish, Swedish and English, as Finland is one of the few countries where the majority of people speak two languages, Finnish and Swedish. English is added because of the distribution of the paper to outside centres. The paper has a much wider viewpoint and an interest in news of more national and international importance than Canadian student papers show. On the front page is an article commenting on the duty of all students to be "champions in the work for peace by promoting international understanding and by bridging the gap between several opinions." A particularly interesting article appears on the reparations which Finland has been forced to make Russia since the war. An amount equal to 300 million U.S.A. dollars, a huge burden for a country the size of Finland. "At the 1938 rate of exchange the total amount of reparations would correspond roughly to 2½ times the pre-war annual value of the Finnish harvest!"

The ads in this paper are even more remarkable being printed not only in English, Finnish and Swedish but German as well.

Following the same practice is the Varsity, the student publication of the University of Cape Town, South Africa. It is published in Afrikaanse and English, separate editors being appointed for each language. The front page alternates in being printed in Afrikaanse and English and articles in both languages appear side by side on the inside pages. This paper is much more like a Canadian student publication including everything from the Personality Parade of students to the never failing gossip column. One note worthy of comment appears in a letter to the editor in which the writer lets forth a blast against an organization which did not send a delegate to a conference at Durban. O shades of Dalhousie!

Mystery

## A Baker's Dozen

*'By candle light, a prophecy'*

By candle light, a prophecy. It was a filthy place, dimly lit, antiquated, with stale and smoky air. There was a bar with a greasy bar-keep. There were four tables and on the side, two booths. Three strands of fly-paper hung from the ceiling. In the corner, a box of refuse. At one table a tramp bent over a bowl of soup and in the first booth the old man sat with his beer, as always, and alone.

He's kept his promise, Ralph thought as he went over and sat down. The man smiled thinly under a battered hat. His eyes shone dimly from their hollow sacs. His teeth were yellow and a nervous twitch played havoc with his twisted face.

"I said I'd tell you all you want to know", he said abruptly. "It doesn't matter now."

Ralph felt a surge of pity he could not explain. The man began.

"In 1907 I was at College. It was my final year and my future was bright and clear. My friends and I had our own club, a society of liberal arts. It was exclusive and we were the select on the campus, the envy of all who did not get our favour. There were twelve of us in it and our Society's creed was a sequel to Wilde's 'Art for Art's Sake' movement. But my story is not about the Society."

He looked at Ralph with a challenge in his faded eyes and added: "It deals with ghosts". He went on.

"I remember how the old mill looked that night when we brought our initiate out. It was dilapidated and built like a mad man's dream—a dark mass of chaotic timber lying lifeless in the October mist. It was October 13th. There was a moon. They said the house was haunted and so our young aspirant was told. We laughed and said he must pass the test. Go on in, we told him, and stay one hour. He was to write a poem in keeping with the atmosphere. If we liked it we would take him in the Society."

"We waited for an hour and a half. Not a sound came out of the house—and no sign of our friend. Curiously the twelve of us went down the path and into the silent rooms. At the far end of a large bare room we saw him. He was at the end of a massive table. There were cob webs, broken furniture. A candle was on the table burning low and a piece of paper was before him. He didn't look up, he didn't answer our call, he only sat over the piece of paper he'd been writing on. I was the first to reach him. I took the paper. 'Come on, I said, let's go'. But there was no answer—he was dead."

Anonymous

Eleven years of waiting. They're all gone now—each year on October 13th they died. And now I alone am left.

He gave a hollow laugh. This is my year of grace!"

He got up trembling, shuffled across the cafe to the door and swayed out to the street. Night had fallen. Ralph watched him through a dirty window as he passed beneath the lamp light, turned and waved feebly, and was gone.

Later that night Ralph suddenly realized with a shock that this was the night of October 13th. The next morning's papers told how an unidentified tramp and been found in a gutter of the slums around midnight, alone and dead.

## Universities of Canada

(Continued from page two)

High Schools, who feel that they cannot themselves risk the penalties of speaking out publicly. But someone must speak out, unless the cause is to be completely lost, and I have enough faith in Canadians to feel sure that, as a people, they are not willingly acquiescent in this educational decline. The reticent are just now a chief dependence of the enemy. Did not St. Paul anticipate many a modern situation when he wrote of the special perils to be apprehended from "the fearful"?

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